

Hill Cypress

"Certified Bomb"

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B-Real]

Call me the serial rhyme killer

Mic-cord strangling, mangling, tangling, you in the web
nigga

Your head is dangling off of your shoulders

Cause my mic told me to do it cause you wasn't a true
soldier

Fake bustas get hit with the clusterbomb

You're a hotdog with no mustard, you're flusterd, I'm
calm

Spit heat like a fucking dragon, bagging you up

Tagging you toe, zipping you up

Clipping you up, mic-cord tripping you up

You're in the dark with no light

and wishing a nigga had lit you up

So much for wishful thinking, you're body's stinking

You're sinking into the hole and I'm at the top winking
at ya

[Sen-Dog]

Don't play me too close I'm a certified bomb

Designed to designate all over the tape

Got my Cuban Puertoricans all up in the place

Gonna smash you in the face with tapes check it out

[B-Real]

Call me imperial beatslayer

All prayers try to be advisory to rivalry in the battle
player

Bitches who lie to me and cry to me use bribery

I'm taking the torch and burn Puffy-music for canivalry

That'll teach you I beat you on every plain

Ain't no other way to reach you, I reach you with pain

Shred you into pieces using the tigerclaw

I'm a cold nigga you need more than a lighter to thaw

Me and my lyrical Iceberg suckers are panic

Fuck what you head I brought down the Titanic

So can it and shut it, I wrote it and bust it

because it never gonna be safe for wack niggas I don't
trust 'em

Chorus

[Sen-Dog]

Call me superior showstopper, your hiphop legacy

Claim us to remember we break you off proper

Oh you got a short memory? You wanna render me?

Harmless and surrender me for the fucking enemy?

I won't let ya I bet ya I reign supreme

Make your fans forget ya search ya in front of your
team

Make a nigga smoke a ounce and bounce over the
rhythem

And hit em and get another suck and hit em with
venom

Nigga my name is Sen and I'm real while you're
pretending

Suckers with no style I hope you get offended

So I can lock your ass up with my jawclutches

Then my rhymes will catch you cause they're sharp like
Tony Touch's

Chorus

[Sen-Dog]

Yeah, that's right y'all

Gonna smash you in the face

Who be comming on touching me, getting around me

I'm a bomb you know what I'm saying

I'm ready to go off you know what I'm saying

So many motherfuckers out there talking shit, doing
their little thing

It's cool you know what I'm saying, go ahead make you
money

But don't you be comming around me perplexing
playing like a bitch

You know what I'm saying

Cause I can see your ass right through you know what
I'm saying

You're glass homeyboy, you're glass you know what I'm
saying

Don't play me too close y'all

I don't think I like you too much you know what I'm
saying

Always kicking it, doing what we do

Trying to act like us, trying to sound like us

You're playing me too close motherfucker

You need too step the fuck on back

Take your ass on back to wherever the fuck you come from

You're playing me way way too close you know what I'm saying

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